Iron County News.

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ALLEN GRAY;

—OR,—

The Mystery of Turley's Point.

Being a Few Romantic Chapters From the Life of a Country Editor.

BY JOHN R. MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "WALTER BROWNFIELD," "HELEN LAKEMAN," "BANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES.

Growing tired of the silly fellow's antics, the editor turned to his desk and tried to bury himself in his business. But notwithstanding the many exciting and ludicrous events, his mind was not wholly won away from the mystery which seemed to be really blighting his life, and kept his thoughts from business. In his busiest moments, amid the most exciting events, the cry: "In Heaven's name spare him!" rang on his ear. The sweet, sad face of the mystic girl, whom he could not but love, seemed always before him, pleading with her large blue eyes for relief.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he asked himself again and again as the vision rose before his mind. Ten thousand tormenting fiends seemed constantly aggravating him with their doubts and fears.

"I will know the worst," he declared to himself. "If I have to board the lion in his den, I will know all."

The stranger from Billy's Creek was forgotten, so wholly was Allen absorbed with thoughts of the stone house on the hill. The rustic bully had grown weary with cursing and striking the air, and, as no one seemed to dispute his title to be "the best man on dirt," he left the village, to carry to his friends a wonderful story of how he had made the editor quail.

The editor, meantime, sat in oblivion of his existence, when he was startled by a sob. Looking around, he was not a little surprised to see Miss Lecthy Hopkins standing just within the door.

"Why, Miss Hopkins, are you here?" the wondering editor asked.

"Ah, are you hurt?" she sobbed, hysterically.

"No," he answered, in astonishment.

"Oh, I—that is—sir—I was afraid that violence had been done you," gasped Miss Hopkins, sinking into a chair.

"I assure you that I am uninjured."

"But he looked so furious!"

"There is little danger in looks."

"And I had such a dread of him."

"He is gone now, and can do you no injury," said the editor, misinterpreting the old maid.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, I—I would not have had him injure you for the world, and we were talking so pleasantly, too, when he came in."

"So we were," returned Allen. "I believe we were talking about the mystery of Turley's Point, were we not?"

"No, no—oh, you rogue, you know about what we were talking," said Miss Leothy, wiping her eyes and blushing profusely behind her handkerchief.

If he comprehended Miss Hopkins he did not pretend to, but in a cool, even voice said:

"I was going to ask you something about that old house on the hill."

"Don't you know it is a forbidden topic?"

"Yes, generally it is," he answered, with a sigh. "It is not every one that I would talk with on this subject, but as we have occasionally exchanged confidence on other subjects, we might on this."

"Oh, of course." She managed to blush quite profusely now, and coyly pinching at the folds of her dress, gathered them down into narrow plaits.

"I thought you would be willing to tell me all you know about the matter."

"Oh, yes."

She sighed and gave him a glance from the corner of her eyes.

"What is the name of the man who lives in the stone house?" Allen asked, without noticing her look or making an effort to translate it.

"Some say it's Collins, but he has a great, big French name, something like De Collieur, which they say is his real name, and that he took the name of Collins in place of it, because it is easier to pronounce."

"How many have they in family at the rock house?"

"That is very difficult to ascertain. Some say there are several, others that there are not many. They have a good many servants, but, as all talk French, no one can find out any thing from them."

"Did it never strike you that there is a great deal of romance about this singularly mysterious old house on the hill?"

"Yes, sir, it has," she answered; "and I believe that it would be an excellent theme for a story."

"It might. What do you know of it?"

"Oh, not much."

"How long have you known that tall, dark-whiskered man?"

"I don't know him at all."

"You mean you have no formal acquaintance?"

"No, sir."

"How long since you first saw him?"

"Three or four years ago."

"Had he been here before that time?"

"I have heard that he had. He has been living at the old stone house on the hill, at short periods, for several years."

"I believe you said that a young lady was once seen within those walls?"

"Yes, sir; that was only a few months ago. I have heard that she was seen again within the last few days. Some one discovered her sitting on a rustic seat beneath an old oak, at a spring on the hillside, between the village and the rock house."

"Who is she?"

"No one knows. She seems to be an additional mystery. It is generally supposed that she is the daughter of the dark-whiskered master of the stone house."

"She has no resemblance to him whatever," interposed Allen.

"You have seen her then."

"From the description I have had of her, she has no resemblance to him."

"No; yet parents and children are sometimes very dissimilar."

"Do you think she has lived there long?"

"No, sir, she can not have been there more than a few months at most," answered Miss Hopkins. "She was never seen about the place until recently."

"Have you ever heard of any children being seen or heard there?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think there are any?"

"There are none. They would find it impossible to keep a child within those great walls so quiet and silent that it would not be seen or heard by some one," answered the school-teacher.

"Does that dark-whiskered man make frequent trips away?"

"I suppose he does—it is seldom, however, that any one ever sees him go away or come back. For weeks at a time he is not seen, and then we know he is away from the old house on the hill. Then all of a sudden he is discovered walking about the big house, or even coming to the village, but making the acquaintance of no one. Some people think that he is the chief of a banditti and goes away to his rendezvous occasionally. Then there is an old mother Tiffin who believes in witchcraft. She says he is a wizard, and that the strange sights seen and strange voices heard there so often are the result of his wild incantations and invocations of the evil spirit. I have heard people say that they have heard screams, shrieks and wild, demoniac laughter from within that old house, which almost froze the blood in their veins."

Allen, having witnessed some of those strange sights and heard some of those mysterious noises, did not think that she was exaggerating them in the least. But his strong common sense told him that there was nothing supernatural in all he had seen and heard. It could all be very easily accounted for if properly understood. He was not so much interested in the house and the mysterious sights and sounds emanating from it as in the beautiful, mysterious Bertha.

"Do you know any thing of the young lady?" he asked.

"No, sir," she answered, coldly, while an expression flitted over her face which he could not understand, unless it was a tinge of jealous fear.

"Did you ever hear any thing about her?"

"Only what I have told you," she answered. "She has never been seen but twice."

He could have told much more of the great stone house on the hill than any one knew had he chose to do so, but he determined to keep his counsel to himself.

The conversation began to drag, and as it was growing late, and she considered the young editor free from any further danger at present, Miss Leothy Hopkins left the office. Allen's face was convulsed with mental anguish, and, striking his desk with his fist, he said:

"This has gone far enough. Be it life or death, misery or happiness, Heaven or hell, I will probe that mystery—I will know all before another sun rises. I will go to the tall stranger and demand an explanation, even if he shoots me dead on his door-step. Death is preferable to another night of misery and doubt."

With this desperate resolve fresh on his lips and engraven in his heart he seized his hat, and leaving Toby to close the office, left the village and hurried up the old disused road to the great stone house on the hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TURLEY'S POINT DEFEATED HERSELF.

When Allen Gray reached the house on the hill, instead of going around it as he had done on former occasions, he walked directly up to the great front gate and tried to enter it; but it was locked.

His first thought was to scale the wall, which he could have done by going to the rear, but seeing a servant in the front yard he called to him.

"I want to see your master," he said.

The servant, who understood some English, shook his head, saying:

"Ze monsieur gone—ze monsieur gone. Monsieur no come—no come *bon jour* monsieur!" And turning about, went away.

Allen waited a long while at the gate, hoping he would see some one else to whom he could appeal. Darkness came over the earth, and he was at last forced to leave. Slowly and sadly he turned about and went down the hill, his head bowed in thought.

"After all, am I not a fool?" he said. "Why need I care? What can she be to me?" But it was folly for him to attempt to drive her image from his mind; it had been indelibly stamped upon his heart and could never be effaced. She had been no coquette seeking conquests; she had made no advance nor evinced any boldness, even when visiting him by night, to have him take the little boy to Frenchtown.

She seemed to have been reared in seclusion and taught to look upon every one as an enemy. It was only the direst necessity that induced her to trust him on that occasion.

"I will banish her from my mind," he resolved, and for weeks made heroic efforts to do so. He was partially aided by the petty annoyances, which, like the sting of hornets, tended to divert his mind from greater suffering.

It was only a week after his unsuccessful visit to the great stone house that he was interrupted one morning by the abrupt entrance of Mr. Tom Simmons.

"I want to know the truth from you!" cried the excited Simmons.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I have been telling you falsehoods?" demanded Allen, angrily.

"No—no I don't; but I want to know all of it now."

"Tell me what it is you want to know,

"I WANT TO SEE YOUR MASTER."

and you shall know all of it!" said Allen, with considerable spirit.

"Do you intend supportin' me for the Legislatur'?"

"I have signed, sealed and delivered my contract to do so, and I certainly will."

"Are you goin' to support George Strong?"

"Not for Representative."

"For any office?"

"Yes."

"What?" roared Tom Simmons.

"For sheriff."

"Is he runnin' for sheriff?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? Have ye published my announcement yit?"

"It is set up, and will appear with the next issue?"

"Change it. Put me in for sheriff. I wouldn't hev the Legislatur' if I could get it. I'm goin' to run fur sheriff."

"But remember your contract—you were to run for the Legislature."

"I tell ye I don't want it. I've got ye pledged in writin' to support me, an' I'm agoin' to run fur sheriff an' bust him up or die."

"But look at your contract and see if you can. Don't you see that if you refuse to run for Representative and declare yourself a candidate for any other office, that you forfeit to me the sum of one thousand dollars?"

"It's a trick; ye've set up a job on me," cried Tom Simmons, furiously. "I'll not stand it."

"You have signed the agreement."

"But you wasn't to work for Strong."

"Nothing was said about whom I should or should not support for any other office. With my paper and influence I was to support you for the Legislature, and that was all."

"I've heerd yer gwine to support Simmons."

"I am."

"What, arter ye obligated yerself to me?"

"I support you for sheriff, and him for the Legislature."

"Is he running for the Legislatoor?"

"Yes."

"Hev ye published my announcement yet?"

"It will appear this week."

"Change it."

"Why?"

"I'm not gwine to run for sheriff. I'm gwine to run for the Legislatoor."

"But remember your contract."

"What contract?"

Allen drew the written agreement from the pigeon-hole in his desk and read it to the angry Mr. Strong.

"But, then, I didn't know he was gwine to run fur the Legislatoor," persisted Strong. "Now thet he is, I'm gwine to beat him, I don't keer a cent what it costs me."

"If you run for any other office than sheriff, you will forfeit to me one thousand dollars," said Allen, very earnestly.

"Thunderation!"

"Your contract says so," and he called his special attention to it.

"It's a trick, ye two hev set up a trick on me, that's all thar is o' it."

"No, it's me ye set up a job on," said Tom Simmons, at this moment entering the office somewhat abruptly. Mr. Strong wheeled about and glared furiously at him. Allen, now quite thankful that the two men were together to vent their spleen upon each other, stood with folded arms and a smile on his face to see what would be the result of the meeting.

"You heah?" roared Strong.

"You here?" yelled Simmons.

"Yes, an' I'm agwine to beat you."

"I'm agoin to see ye laid in the shade ef it busts me to do it."

"Ye've allers been a crossin' me, Tom Simmons. Yer one o' the kind t' allers be in a feller's track. It war a mighty sorry piece o' timber they made ye out ov any way."

"Jist say what ye please, I'm agoin' to beat ye, George Strong, ef it runs me fur the Legislatur' to do it."

Then Strong swore that he would beat Simmons, and vowed that he would rather be defeated any day than see his enemy elected.

"Gentlemen," said Allen, coolly, as he stood leaning against his desk watching the angry men, "my support has been promised to both of you and you shall have it. It would be a feather in our cap to have both sheriff and Representative from our village. I come here in the interest of Turley's Point, and to that end I am working."

"D'ye think ye kin help Turley's Pint, by sendin' him to the Legislatoor?" asked Strong.

"I do."

"Then sink Turley's Pint."

"Would it help our town by electin' him sheriff?" roared Simmons.

"Of course."

"Then let 'er bust."

"Gentlemen, so long as you entertain such hostile feelings there will be little hope for the advancement of our town. If you wish to effect any thing here, and to build up a thriving commercial center, you must stop this combatting each other; put your shoulders to the wheel and go to work in earnest, for yourselves, for each other and for Turley's Point."

"Me work for him? Never!" roared Simmons.

"Think I'm agwine to gin him a boost? Not much," said Mr. Strong.

"But I shall hold each of you to a strict observance of the contracts you have signed. You shall each of you run for the offices to which you were selected in the beginning, and I will support both."

"I'd ruther be beat a thousand times than see him elected," cried Strong, as he left the office. In language equally as forcible Simmons gave vent to his feelings, as he retired also.

"I think I begin to see the cause of some of the trouble with Turley's Point," said Allen, as he stood on the front porch of the building gazing after the two receding figures going in different directions. "The town is made up of antagonistic rings and cliques. Every man here would rather die himself than see some one else prosper. They have taken prosperity by the throat and are throttling her."

The sun beamed lazily down upon the sloping roofs of the houses scattered along the narrow valley and hillsides. The store buildings were distinguished by their square fronts and painted signs. The usual crowd of loafers were gathered about the stores and saloons and were sitting on the porches or counters. The floors were well-worn and rotting, while from the damp warerooms at the rear one could inhale the damp air issuing from decaying vegetables. There was an air of dullness about the little village, as if it had been stifled by the thick atmosphere of hate.

"No wonder that Turley's Point is on the downward road," said Allen. "With such a class of citizens as these there is little or no hope of it ever reviving."

Summer passed, and as the time for the election drew near the heated contest among candidates became greater all over the country. Unkind words were uttered by men [redacted] of independence, supporting the Republican for the Legislature and the Democrat for sheriff. He became the mark for many sharp retorts from other newspapers, and was accused of riding two horses at once—horses that were certainly going in different directions. As the contest became more heated many came to him to induce him to give up one of the candidates, but he stated he was pledged to both, and, having the interests of Turley's Point at heart, could not be swerved from his course.

His determination alone prevented Simmons and Strong from withdrawing to defeat each other. Candidates from other parts of the country were nominated, a Democrat from Bentonsville was put in nomination for Representative, and a Republican from another village put in nomination by his party for sheriff, against Mr. Strong.

The fight waxed hot. No slander was too vile, low or unreasonable for Simmons to tell upon his fellow townsman, Mr. Strong, nor could Mr. Strong conjure up in his fertile imagination any thing too base to tell on his fellow townsman, Simmons.

Allen appealed in vain to their reason, assuring them that they were ruining each other, and destroying all the hopes of Turley's Point. Each swore as would sink Turley's Point to beat his opponent.

It was useless for Allen to advocate the interests of the Turley's Point candidates when they were doing all in their power to ruin each other. Every good word he spoke for them was flatly denied. The local hatred which had blighted Turley's Point seemed to culminate in wild rage on election day. At ten o'clock in the forenoon it had became dangerous to be out.

Drunken, burly ruffians were parading the streets to the terror of all good citizens. Half a dozen brawls raged during the day, and black eyes and bloody noses became a common sight before evening.

The young editor, disgusted with the people, the town and the election, remained in his office all day. When returns came in from all the townships he was not surprised to learn that both the Turley's Point candidates were badly defeated.

A Story with a Moral.

A Bath (Me.) butcher has fallen a victim to himself. He noticed a neat harness in a friend's possession—that looked better than his own, which he had not cleaned since he bought it, and offered to swap and pay $5 boot. The friend accepted the offer. The butcher took no better care of this harness than of the other, and it soon showed itself a rather poor article. Some time after he met his friend with a very handsome new harness on his horse and again offered to trade. After handing over the old harness and $5 more he went home satisfied with the bargain and all unconscious that he had paid just $10 to have his original harness cleaned.

The misty, moisty weather has made woman's necessity the mother of her invention. To keep her precious ankles dry and her skirts unsullied she has invented a new facing for her dress. It is made of oil-cloth or mackintosh cloth.

RUMBLES OF THE RAILROADS.

The Pioche Extension to Be Pushed—Notes and Personal.

News has been received in this city from an unmistakably authoritative source that the management of the Union Pacific Railway has finally decided to begin work on the Milford-Pioche extension on the first of March. The road has been graded from Milford to Pioche, a distance of 140 miles, but the roadbed and rails only extend out from Milford a few miles. The most difficult part of the work of construction has been completed, and it will only require a few months labor to place the road in running order.

So the good people of Pioche need not be surprised if they are awakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep by the shrill blast of a locomotive before snow flies next winter. The country which the road will open up to settlement and trade is of equal importance to this city as the section of country the Deep Creek project will invade. Either will increase the trade of this city to an incalculable extent and with both in operation Salt Lake City will soon become the greatest mining center and distributing point on the continent.

Tribune.

FORTY YEARS HENCE.

Thomas G. Shearman in the Forum.

Unless some greate change takes place in our financial or social system the billionaire is certainly coming, and at a rapid pace. True, a vast fortune does not multiply by mere interest, if kept at home quite as rapidly as one of more moderate size, on account of the difficulty of investing such enormous incomes at full rates of interest. But it is also true that in other respects large fortunes tend to increase much more rapidly than very small ones. Opportunites for large profits on special transactions are presented to millionaires far more often than to others. They are more likely to gain by "the unearned increment." They can afford to pay for the very best servic, and they can and do secure agents even as easily make safe investments in the west at 8 per cent. as in the east at 5 per cent. Small capitalists must keep their money at home, because they cannot watch over distant investments or afford to employ local agents. These advantages more than compensate for the lower rate of interest which large capitalists often have to accept on home investments in consequence of the rapid [illegible] see that in the [illegible] rates of interest [illegible] declining in America [illegible] increased more rapidly [illegible] Several non-speculative [illegible] increased five-fold in less [illegible] years. Interest is now very [illegible] ding to interest the steady increase [illegible] city lands, an addition of at least 4 per cent per annum, at compound interest, may be counted upon for these great estate. At that rate a present fortune of $20,000,000 would become a billion [$1,000,000,000,] in less than forty years. Financial conditions remaining unchanged the American billionaire might reasonable be looked for within that time, and several billionaire might be expected within sixty years.

Duties of Parents to Children.

One of the most important duties of a parent in bringing up a child is to prevent the child from doing itself harm. The child does not know, for instance, that unlimited sweets and sours injure the digestion and impair the teeth; the mother does know it, and it is her duty to have the child's supply of sweets and sours limited. The child does not know that the opportunity of getting knowledge at school, if neglected, is not likely to return, nor that its future happiness and success depend very much upon its improving the opportunities which its school now affords. The parents do know these things, and it is their duty to persuade, urge and [illegible] essary, to compel the child to [illegible]

N. Y. Ledger.

TOMMY'S MEDICI[illegible]

His Anxious Mother Doses Him [illegible] lasses and Brimstone.

A small boy, more or less the light[illegible] a certain household and the scourge of the neighborhood, showed signs of acquiring the complexion of a leopard, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. That is to say, his mother noticed that her treasure's face was becoming terribly spotted.

She called the family doctor's attention to the trouble, and he said in the brusque off-hand way we all know so well: "Give him a level teaspoonful of brimstone every day."

The doctor's word was law in that family, and a considerable shipment of brimstone was procured at once. Omitting the details of administration, we may pass on to the next visit of the doctor to the family of the boy.

"Well, how's Tommy?" was the doctor's first question.

"Oh, he's very much worse. As you ordered, I gave him eleven spoonfuls of brimstone and he's been raising—"

"Eleven spoonfuls! I never ordered that many," shouted the doctor, as he nervously sprung upstairs toward Tommy's room. "A level spoonful was what I said."